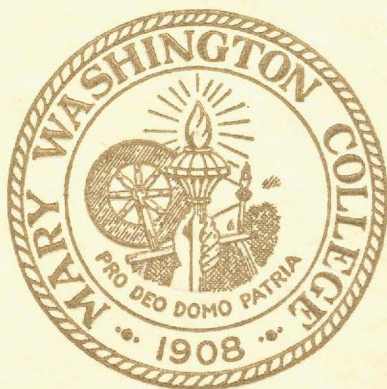


The EPAULET

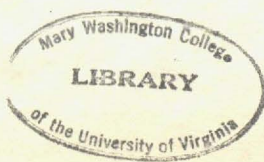
November, 1940



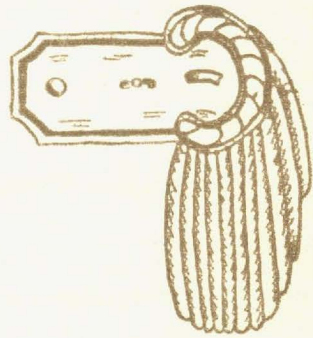
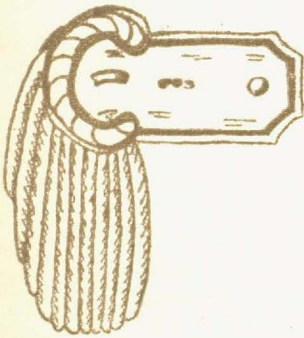
MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE
FREDERICKSBURG
VIRGINIA

818
M369e
v.1
c.2

14468



The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



The EPAULET

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by the STUDENTS of
MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE
under the Guidance of The Modern Portias

VOL. I

FALL, 1940

No. 1

Co-Editors-in-Chief

RUTH SCARLETT

KATHERINE NUTT

Literary Editors

EVA CATAFYGIOTU

ELIZABETH COLLINS

NANCY CLAIRE WATKINS

NORA HUTT

FAY FLETCHER

MARY STECK

BETTY WILLOUGHBY

MILDRED KITTRELL

LENORE MAGILL

Art Editors

JERRY EDMONDSON

EDITH PATTERSON

Exchange Editors

JULIA MOSELEY

NAN PHILIPS

Business Staff

BUSINESS MANAGER

CIRCULATION MANAGER

FRANCES M. WILLIAMS

MARY JANE POWELL

Typists

LOTTIE BROCKWELL

MARY FRANCES HIEHLE

DR. GEORGE EARLIE SHANKLE

Sponsor, Approving Editor, and Director of Publication



CONTENTS



	PAGE
Alma Mater, <i>Mildred P. Stewart</i>	4
Greetings to THE EPAULET, <i>President Morgan L. Combs</i>	5
How THE EPAULET Came To Be, <i>Frances Mahood Williams</i>	6
Meditation, <i>Aminee Jones</i>	7
The Purpose of the Magazine, <i>George Earlie Shankle</i>	8
Loved I Honor More, <i>Esther Cain</i>	9
The Wood-Thrush, <i>Peggy Moran</i>	10
Eat, Drink, and Be Married, <i>Janie Holdren</i>	11
In My Catalogue of Lovely Things, <i>Louise Colby</i>	12
The Garden of Life, <i>Jean Adair Ivery</i>	12
Main at Elm, <i>Almeda Hill</i>	13
The Big Stick Policy of a Modern Pythagoras, <i>Eva Catafygiotu</i>	14
Pastoral, <i>Lilyan M. Nelson</i>	14
It's a Wonderful World, <i>Jeanne C. Rogers</i>	15
Three Poems, <i>Alice Hollington</i>	18
The Dream, <i>Betty Lindstrom</i>	19
To Butterscotch, <i>Louise Colby</i>	22
The Murderous Assault, <i>Esther Cain</i>	23
George Washington Returns, <i>June Stoll</i>	24
Power, <i>Elsie T. Stone</i>	30
Leap Year, <i>Aminee Jones</i>	31
Heaven's Gift, <i>Aminee Jones</i>	31
Last Night, <i>Colleen Neel</i>	32
Inconstancy, <i>Rusty Greenhill</i>	32
Pray for my Soul, <i>Nancy Claire Watkins</i>	33
Evening Prayer, <i>Helen Warren</i>	34
Pals, <i>Ruth Vanderhoof</i>	35
Hope, <i>Colleen Neel</i>	35
Symphony's Coloratura, <i>Katharine F. Nutt</i>	36
Symbol, <i>Lilyan M. Nelson</i>	37
The Wind, <i>Elsie T. Stone</i>	38
"All's Well That Ends Well," <i>Emma Jester</i>	39
The Brighter Side, <i>Virginia Urbin</i>	40
The Saddest Day of My Life, <i>Mary Alice Aziz</i>	41
Enough, <i>Peggy Moran</i>	42
The Cynic at Sixteen, <i>Eva Catafygiotu</i>	43
Shall I?, <i>Dorothy Tuck</i>	44
To ———, <i>Lilyan M. Nelson</i>	45
Dreaming, <i>Helen Warren</i>	45
Dedication	46
In Memoriam, <i>Ruth Vanderhoof</i>	47
No Other Spring, <i>Kathryn Middleton</i>	48

Alma Mater

By

MILDRED P. STEWART

Eager voices singing!
Swelling high and clear!
Happy hearts their praises bringing
Alma Mater, dear!
Alma Mater, can you
Hear us as we sing?
Praise to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Loyal hearts do bring!

Giver of all knowledge,
Hear us as we pray:
God, our Father, bless our college,
Hear our prayers today!
Alma Mater, can you
Hear us as we sing?
Praise to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Loyal hearts do bring!

Greetings to The Epaulet

By

PRESIDENT MORGAN L. COMBS

THERE comes to every progressive college the day when its literary magazine makes its appearance. Literature is one of the noblest forms of art, which authors and other writers learn to create by recording and polishing the manner of expressing their thoughts. To quote the motto of THE EPAULET: *"Not words, but thoughts and the manner of expressing them make literature."*

This magazine gives the students of Mary Washington the means of expressing publicly their thoughts and ideals which their other college publications do not offer. It is always considered an honor of the highest merit to have one's writings appear in printed form.

The college administrative staff is proud to welcome this magazine on the campus and to congratulate the students who are paying for, editing, and producing it, for it is not one of the college financed publications.

The Epaulet, the symbol of distinction worn only by commissioned officers in the United States Navy or Army on dress occasions, connotes social grace and charm. Nothing ugly or coarse is connected with this symbol; consequently the name is fitting for that of the magazine presenting the creative writings of the students of Mary Washington College. May there never appear on its pages anything other than the expression of worthy ideals and noble sentiments, fittingly clothed in clear and forceful English, symbolic of the beauty, the culture, and the refined atmosphere so prevalent at this college.

How The Epaulet Came to Be

By

FRANCES MAHOOD WILLIAMS

TO those of us who have worked to create THE EPAULET, it seems almost like a dream, a fairy tale—something too good to be true—that the first dummy is ready for the press. There has been the pressure of adding the last finishing touches to this, the first issue of the magazine, to convince us that its actuality exists. No, it cannot be a dream, but rather a dream come true.

Having attained desired heights, or having reached a distant goal, there are but a few persons who do not like to turn and look back, if but for a moment, to see from whence and how they came. These individual personalities who make up THE EPAULET's staff are no exceptions to this rule. I remember as though it were only yesterday, Almeda Hill's coming into my room and exclaiming, "Guess what Dr. Shankle wants us to do now!" . . . I confess that I shared her exasperation.

Not for long, however, did I nurture that emotion, for one day soon thereafter Dr. Shankle called me into his office and pointed out to me the possibilities for such a publication. Although I was still skeptical about the entire plan, I could not refrain from feeling enthusiastic and from being thrilled at the thought that by means of some rare quirk of Fate, Mary Washington College might have a real literary magazine.

By the time of the next meeting of

The Modern Portias, I was thoroughly "sold on" the idea. The Portias met in the sewing room of Chandler Hall. For once everyone was on time—they seemed to sense that something was in the air. The matter of publishing the magazine was presented, discussed—and how it was discussed!—and finally approved. The girls promised, and gave one hundred percent coöperation in every way. The next problem was how to present the idea to members of the student body and of the faculty.

Well, getting the matter before them was not so difficult. That task fell to my lot. My knees still vibrate outrageously every time I think of the day I stood before them in chapel trying to relate in a pleasing manner, interspersed with wit, what the magazine was to be.

Those in the audience were really wonderful, but I, as usual, became horribly frightened at the sight of the sea of faces before me. I will always be grateful to those before me that morning for clapping and laughing at the right time. Usually both of these signs of approval are very weak and are late in coming—if they come at all. But not so on this occasion! One thing about the chapel program that stands out in my memory (almost like a sore thumb) is the outlandish, undignified,—and I might add extemporaneous,—way in which I introduced Dr. Shankle as "The biggest flea on Fido's tail." For the moment I was dreadfully embar-

rassed, but then both those in the audience and he took it so good-naturedly that I was later glad that I had done it.

Soon the chapel programme was over and all that we could think of was that the students and faculty members had promised to subscribe to the new magazine. And they did! As the girls went from door to door canvassing for subscriptions, seldom did they leave anyone without having secured a paid-up one. That was most gratifying.

The task of getting material for the first issue presented itself next. The editors could not refrain from wondering if, being as busy as everyone was during the Fall Quarter, the students could find the time to write anything worthwhile. Well, no words can answer that quandary half so well as the tangible evidence which you have in your hands now. There was even a slight surplus of some types of articles, which are being saved for later issues.

Thus, the magazine—THE EPAULET—is a reality. It is a pleasure to look back on what has been accomplished; but only for a moment must we look back to the past—and then only to muse. Like others who have reached coveted objectives, we turn to the future, and see looming in the distance a new goal. Our brief view of the past served only to afford a fleeting moment's pleasure and to show clearly where improvements might be made. So it's to the future we turn with heads up, minds alert, energy quickened, and with determination firmly rooted. We march toward the new and the challenging goal—an even greater magazine.

Thus your Mary Washington College EPAULET came to be. You have made it possible, and it will be you who, having caught the vision of that new goal, will make it the greater Mary Washington literary magazine.



Meditation

By

AMINEE JONES

I thought of you today.

Remember all the fun we had,
Those moments spent, both sad and glad?
I can't forget a one of them,
They're an eternal diadem
To, and for you—to convince
You of my love. A recompense
For everything I tried to say
Before I thought of you today.

The Purpose of The Magazine

By

GEORGE EARLIE SHANKLE

AFTER years of wishful hoping on the part of the students of Mary Washington College, THE EPAULET makes its appearance with this issue. It has passed through all the stages of hoping, planning, and unsuccessful coöperative attempts to launch it until it became a reality with money enough collected from the subscriptions of students, of faculty members, and of administrative officials to justify assembling and editing its subject matter, making the dummy with its accompanying drawings, and contracting with the printers for the first volume and number. Here it is. Its creators hope that you like it and that you continue to give it whole-hearted support.

The chief objective of the students in publishing this magazine is to record in permanent form their most worthwhile writings of a literary nature—poems, plays, short stories, and essays—which they constantly write and leave lying about like neglected waifs, later to be consigned to the college incinerators. Some such writings have appeared in the college newspaper; but only comparatively few of them, for that publication is devoted to printing news items.

The magazine also is designed to give encouragement to students to write original compositions, and to aid them

in discovering whatever literary ability they possess or to find in their associates talent and to encourage them to develop it. This publication seeks to get some literary article from one professor or administrative official for each issue, thus cementing the coöperative interest of them and of the student writers.

Professors in various departments of the college each quarter have turned into them, for credit, well-written papers, the results of weeks of faithful effort on the part of their students. The members of the editorial staff will gladly give consideration to these and publish such as have originality in subject matter and in the manner of expressing it.

All the material printed must be original both in thought and in expression, for plagiarism is a shameful monster which must not be allowed to worm its way into the pages of this magazine.

Should plagiarized writing creep into THE EPAULET in spite of the efforts of the editors to prevent such, the plagiarists must assume all responsibility for legal and social consequences. Those editing and publishing the magazine will not accept any part of this responsibility.

Loved I Honor More

By

ESTHER CAIN

IT is almost 4:00 A. M. In another moment a nearby clock will toll the hour, and break this deadly silence that grips the Norwegian countryside. Even my own footsteps as I pace back and forth nervously are noiseless. The only sound I can hear is that of my own heart beating furiously against the walls of my body, and then suddenly subsiding until it seems that I am hurled into the interim between life and eternity.

Through the still darkness before the dawn I can see only the outline of the men under my command, each efficiently at his post, each ready to throw his life into the growing heap of bodies, which war has named the heroic dead.

Oh, it's a horrible mess, this war—but it's here, a cruel, relentless thing that crushes men's dreams and tramples their souls underfoot. How I hate it all, and yet here I am a vital part of it. I've silently rehearsed what I am to do for weeks and in a moment my time will come. The men will listen impatiently for my command which could blast the enemy ship into a thousand bits—but it will not come, for I shall remain silent.

Oh, how cleverly it has all been planned if they only knew! The troop transports will come quietly up the fjord and not a single gun will open fire to stop them. My men would laugh perhaps and think it impossible. How

foolish they are—bribery has a queer way of wrapping its gold fingers around men's greedy minds. I know, for I am such a man—perhaps it is I who am foolish.

It is now ten minutes after four. In a little while my wife, Karen, will be getting up to be about her farm work before the boy awakens and demands her attention. Karen, I wonder what she will say when she finds out about all this. Perhaps after the war is over she will soon forget; but I do not know, for her love of country is passionately strong and this will hurt her. And the boy Karl, what will he think? But then he is such a little fellow that when he jumps into my lap to rumple my hair I can hardly feel his weight upon my knee. He will know nothing about it, unless—unless—in later years some unkind boy or girl resurrect the truth and flaunt it in his face. I would not want that to happen, but, pft! I must not worry now; he is not likely to know.

The clock has just chimed the quarter hour and I know the time is come. Through the first grey streak of dawn I can see the dim outline of the enemy ship. It passes unmolested up the fjord. In a minute it will be directly opposite our guns and we will not fire. It will land its troops on the shores of our unsuspecting countryside—our unsuspecting countryside! Foreign men will march over our streets, our hills, our

rivers, their clumsy boots trampling upon the freedom of the people—my people! Lord, what a fool I am! What a blundering, stupid fool!

The seconds tick by, not slowly now, but passing before I can clear my mind to think—to think—there is no time to think—it is here—my throat is as dry as paper and my temples throb with heavy thuds that seem to press upon my brain—harder—harder.

Now it is over and I am almost too weary to remember the quick, startling blast of our guns when I gave the

order; I only know that I am still a man of honor.

I can hear the noisy, clattering of running feet on the stone walks, and for a moment I am forgotten in the confusion, but it will not be for long—I will lose much—perhaps—but what matter it? I will not lose the spark of pride in my son's eyes when he speaks of me after he has become a man—nor will I lose the love of my wife whose very heart breathes with her belief in me.

The time is very short, but I am not afraid, and I am ready.



The Wood-Thrush

By

PEGGY MORAN

Little wood-thrush, pretty wood-thrush!
How you swoop from tree to ground,
Graceful, streamlined,
Right under the lawn spray!
How lovely your colors are!
Your black-spotted breast,
Brown back, and
Rich-brown head.
Oh! you are building a nest!
I see!
... Yes, twigs will do,
But preferably some string.
A tiny grapevine sprig would not be rejected.
Neither would a leaf be entirely unsuited ...
Back and forth I have watched you fly.
And now and then pecking at your nest-to-be.
Would that I were close enough to see
You, the workman, weaving your masterpiece.

Eat, Drink, and Be Married!

By

JANIE HOLDREN

THE problem of the employment of married women teachers has been acute during several years past. The causes for the sudden rise of this problem may be traced to the economic depression and even more recently to the over-supply of professional graduates.

Married women teachers, however, seem to be desired by the parents of children. It is only natural that two happily married people should favor having their children under the guidance of another married person.

There is, possibly, no justification for the present agitation against married women as teachers. If there should be granted the argument that it will relieve unemployment to fail to hire married women, the place to start such a movement is with saleswomen, laundresses, and with other women employed in gainful occupations, for this procedure would in no way affect the well-being of the youth of the country.

When a superintendent employs a woman teacher, he demands that she be neat, well dressed, attractive and that she have a pleasing personality. Such a woman is also most desirable for a wife. If, after she is married, she decides to teach and makes application for a position, she gets the reply: "We cannot employ married women as teachers." A prospective woman teacher must choose between marrying, abandoning her profession,

or devoting her life to other people's children.

From an economic point of view the encouragement of married women teachers in secondary schools would not affect the amount of employment; but, rather, it would merely shift it. Women, who work after they are married, more frequently turn to some type of office or clerical employment if they cannot resume their teaching. It seems that most women college graduates would rather secure a position in an office than to assume the responsibility of teaching a group of children about whom they know nothing and in whom their chief interest is a mercenary one.

Taxpayers make large investments in teacher training and in teacher guidance. The average teacher does not reach her highest degree of efficiency until her fifth year of teaching. If she be a normal woman she will wish to marry before that time. If the teacher marries before she reaches her maximum of instructional development, it will mean the same long five years' training for another inexperienced teacher. And so this process might go on indefinitely.

There often arises the question of efficiency. A married woman teacher is just as efficient as an unmarried one, and often more conscientious. The unmarried teacher frequently spends as much time looking for a husband as the married teacher spends in keeping the one she has.

In My Catalogue of Lovely Things

By

LOUISE COLBY

In my catalogue of lovely things,
I place my fondest memories
Of birds and flowers in new spring,
And along with these, bright autumn trees,
A brisk walk in the early morn,
A peaceful stroll amidst fading light,
The sun's majestic burst at dawn,
The twinkling stars and moon at night.
A rolling hill on which to view
The glorious beauty of a clear sunset,
One lone pine tree against the blue,
Portraying a slender silhouette.



The Garden of Life

By

JEAN ADAIR IVERY

Fashion your life into a garden of flowers
Weed from it sorrow, turmoil, and strife,
And with each swiftly passing hour
Sow into it only the beauties of life.

Cut the loveliest roses in youth
Arrange them in vases of gold
To stand as symbols of strength and truth
And noble examples for others to behold.

When the sunset of life draws near
And the path through this garden is worn
Seek not to recapture lost fragrance so dear,
But leave your life a rich heritage for those yet unborn.

For happy is he who dares to refrain
From attempts to recapture past as the rose,
And walks instead down memories' lane
Content to leave traditions repose.

Main at Elm

By

ALMEDA HILL

CHRISTMAS expires on Main Street promptly at twelve o'clock midnight, December 25. Within a few hours, from behind doors that but a day ago stood so beckoningly open, will come the hum of activity as workers hastily tear down the sleazy structure which was a good old-fashioned Chamber-of-Commerce-Merchants -Association Christmas. Bright windows, which so recently smiled at all and broke the hearts of many, will soon be stripped naked by an army of salesgirls with tight new sweaters and fresh chewing gum, like so many devastating ants. Down with doll babies and cheap rayon underwear! Up with soap and household gadgets! A new fiscal year beginning! "All charges now will go on February statements. . . ." Buy! Buy!

Yes, the Christmas "monster" is dying, already forgotten; his glittering eyes even yet bewildered, are closing; his tinselled hoofs crumple beneath him; he has bleated his last carol. This morning he will be carted off to the rubbish heap to be burned amid tin horns and whiskey bottles. Today, the poor will be abroad, hoping to buy a broken doll or peppermint stick for their young. Today, every man will surge heartily on his way, comfortable in the memory of a Christmas past.

Big Stick Policy of a Modern Pythagoras

By

EVA CATAFYGIOTU

VACANT-EYED freshmen apathetically walked into their Algebra class. College algebra is no easy subject and, to these poor souls, it was beyond the grasp of their minds. On one particular morning the atmosphere was unusually depressing. The Professor had not yet arrived. He was such a learned mathematician that all the students were awed by his knowledge of parabolas, equations, and logarithms.

One of the devices he used in teaching was a stick, with which he pointed to his students and demand in a crisp tone of voice, "Miss Sally, what's the answer?" Many became too confused at this pointed question to answer.

On one particular morning a certain freshman tripped to the front of the room, picked up that stick, and began to mimic the teacher, poking it in one face after another and demanding,

"Miss Sally, what's the answer?" The exhibition went on until someone asked the demonstrator what she would do if the Professor should walk in.

Without a moment's hesitation the answer came as follows: Pointing the stick dramatically at the imaginary mathematics Professor, she demanded, "Robert, what's the answer?"

The members of the class giggled and then became strangely silent. Something was wrong. Looking around, the "little show-off" discovered that the learned doctor was standing in the doorway, and had been witnessing the whole scene.

No one said a word. The bell rang, the roll was called, and the lesson started. The long-used stick was laid aside by the Professor, and was never again used.



Pastoral

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

They called her a sinner
Because she did not bend her knees
To pray in the House of God—
Yet in the stormy twilight,
In the midmost hour of night
Or in the middle of a sunny day
She would walk beneath God's sky
And lift her eyes to pray.

It's A Wonderful World

By

JEANNE C. ROGERS

NED hurriedly slipped into his sweater, took a final peep around the room, and started for the door.

"Well, Mr. Smarty, where do you think you're going?" questioned his sister as she poked her head out of the closet door.

Ned quickly turned, and with a startled but half angry look said, "You little devil, what are doing in my room?"

"Oh, I was just walking around and decided I'd stop in here. You know, brother dear, I just love your room with all those pictures stuck around, 'n everything. Where are you going?"

"None of your business, 'sissy pants,' and if you don't stay out of my room, I'm going to tell Daddy on you."

"And if you dare call me another nasty word, and don't tell me where you're going, I'm going to tell Mother on you, and I'm going to tell her you're trying to sneak out."

"You'd better not!" Just then Ned heard a whistle outside. "Gosh! the gang's waiting for me. Clear the way, you."

"The gang? Who's that?"

"Oh, you're too young to know. Go play with your dolls." And with that, he ran out the door, down the back steps, and was gone.

Sally rushed to the window, peered

out into the darkness, but could see no sign of Ned.

"Now, I wonder what he's up to, and who that gang is," she mused.

She ran downstairs where she found her mother sewing and her daddy reading the paper.

"Sally, where is Ned? Is he studying his lessons?"

"No, ma'm, he went out just now."

"Went out? After I sent him upstairs to study his lessons? Where did he go?"

"I don't know, but he said the gang was waiting for him. Who's the gang, Mother?"

"So that's where he is! Henry," looking over her glasses to her husband, "you'll have to put a stop to this. Ned is getting so he's not doing one thing on his school work. Why, Miss Johnson wrote me a note just the other day saying that Ned was doing very poor work, and that he didn't seem to have any interest whatsoever in his school work."

"You're right, Nell. I've noticed a change in him, too. I'm getting tired of his sneaking off without saying one word about where he's going, or with whom. I'll take this matter up with him tomorrow."

"And that's not all," piped Sally. "He called me a nasty word. He called me a little devil."

"Why, Sally!" echoed her mother.
"How dare you say such words."

"Well, that's what he said, anyway."

"All right, dear, you run along to bed now. Have you done all your studying for tomorrow?"

"Yes, Mother."

"That's a nice girl—now, run along to bed. Good-night." So with a good-night kiss for her mother and daddy, Sally hurried up the steps to bed.

The next morning at the breakfast table Ned knew what was coming.

"Well, young man, where did you go last night? Your nocturnal escapades are getting to be a habit."

"Oh, me and the gang just went off a piece."

"Well, where did you go?"

"Do I have to tell you *everything*? We just went down to Mike's if you must know."

"And what did you do at Mike's?"

"For goodness sakes, Dad, can't a fellow do anything without everybody having something to say about it?"

"Yes, but I don't think much of this gang business. You know what happened to Johnny Jones and his gang, don't you? That should be a lesson to you."

"O. K., let's skip it," and poking a last mouthful of bread into his mouth, he got up from the table, grabbed his books, and stomped out of the door.

"Wait for me, Ned," yelled Sally.

"Well, come on if you're coming. You girls are the slowest things."

When they got to school, Ned waited

on the outside for the gang, and Sally joined one of her friends.

The last bell rang. Ned and his gang took their time going into their classroom, and as usual, the teacher gave them a hard look as they walked in. Ned and his fellows always sat in a group in a particular section of the room. They took their time getting seated, which brought another scowl from the teacher. Ned noticed that in the seat in front of him sat a girl who evidently was a new pupil. A cute little blonde, thought Ned.

By this time, the recitation for the class had begun, but Ned was quite unaware of the fact—so engrossed was he in slyly watching the girl in front of him. Sally, who was sitting on the other side of the room from Ned, noticed how his attention had suddenly reverted from the gang to the cute little blonde. Nor did the gang lose any time in noticing the change. In fact, they resented it. Why, they had never taken any interest in girls, and particularly Ned. He had always talked about girls being sissies, and this and that about them.

Ned nudged the girl in front of him. She turned around quickly.

"Will you stop punching me?" she pertly asked.

Ned was taken back for a moment, and noticing that the teacher was watching him, he decided it best to wait after class. Five more minutes to go—why didn't that bell ring? For the rest of the class period, he was a perpetual wiggle worm.

Finally, that long waited-for bell

rang. Ned jumped up from his seat and was out of the room in no time. He, however, waited out in the hall until the cute little blonde came out. As she passed by Ned, he nudged her again.

"Say, what's your name?" he rather timidly inquired.

"My name's Mary, but what's that to you?"

"Well, nothing—oh, I mean I just wanted to know. I certainly do like that name."

"Well, now that you know, are you satisfied?"

"Sure. Say, could you or would you go with me to the baseball game this afternoon?"

"Oh, maybe, and maybe not."

"Come on, give a fellow a break, won't you?"

"All right, then," she answered.

"Gee, that's swell. I'll wait for you after school out in front. Well, I've got to go to class. Bye now."

"Bye," she said, and she smiled at Ned as she walked off.

About a week or so had passed and Ned and Mary were seeing more of each other. Ned had introduced Mary

to his gang, and at school, when they were together, the gang was right there with them. Mary liked Ned's gang, and they liked her, too. At home, Ned's mother noticed what a great change had come over Ned. Instead of going out nearly every night, he would stay in his room and study his lessons. The teacher had also written on Ned's report card that he was taking more interest in class, and that his work was improving.

On Sunday night Ned came down the steps all dressed up.

"Well, son," asked his mother, "what calls for all this sudden improvement in your school work, and why are you so dressed up tonight?"

"I can tell you, Mother," spoke up Sally. "Her name is Mary."

And with the mention of Mary's name a broad grin settled on Ned's face.

"It's a wonderful world, isn't it, Mom?" and with that he dashed out of the room, and as he walked down the street, Sally and her mother could hear Ned whistling to the top of his voice.

"Yes, it's a wonderful world," Ned's mother said softly.



Three Poems

By

ALICE HOLLINGTON

It's cloudy out today.
The crisp, frost-bitten air
Supports gray skeletons of trees,
That stand erect and bare.

It neither snows nor rains,
As though uncertain about it;
The freezing atmosphere persists,
Warm fires cannot rout it.



Youth dons a scarlet sweater,
Beckoning beauty,
While a bow, a curl, and a smile
Perform their duty.

Youth dons a scarlet sweater,
Saluting courage,
Proud of this human virtue,
Worthy of homage.



I love the Christmas carols,
Recalled to sing each year;
Familiar as a child's refrain,
We sang sometime--somewhere.

I love the Christmas carols,
We sing on Christmas Eve;
Messages are they, from ages past,
Which ask us to believe.

The Dream

By

BETTY LINDSTROM

IT was a cold, bleak December evening. The day had been bitter and raw; but now that night was descending, the wind was rising and the mercury rapidly falling. While sitting in front of an open fireplace watching the lively flames merrily dancing, I heard a faint shuffling from outside, and then, a moment later, a hesitant knocking on the kitchen door.

I opened the door. From the darkness without, I heard a tired masculine voice ask, "Please, ma'am; I have some lovely Christmas wreaths. Won't you buy one? They are very inexpensive."

A slender, withered hand offered me a wreath to examine. Upon looking closer at the owner of the hand and the wreath (the light from the kitchen threw a bit of its glow on him), I saw an old man thinly clad in a shapeless brown suit that had seen many years of hard wear. A shaggy, uneven crop of gray hair poured from beneath a brown cap of no particular description. Everything about him suggested poverty and antiquity. He had the saddest face I have ever seen. Two dark eyes, once alive with living passion and probably beautiful to behold, but now sunken and dull, pleaded with me to help him.

"Yes," I replied, "I'll buy one. Just a moment, while I find some money."

As I hastened into the other room for my purse, I thought all the while about that voice. It was not an ordi-

nary voice, but was soft, deep-toned, and sorrowful. Usually a poor peddler's voice is resigned and holds no hopeful qualities; but that of my visitor seemed to say by its pressing hopefulness, "The future will be brighter some day."

After I found my purse, I returned to the man and asked the price of one wreath. He quickly replied, "Only twenty-five cents, ma'am."

When the purchase was completed, he turned to go; but stopped suddenly and said: "Thank you, ma'am. Maybe some day we shall meet again, and I shall then be able to return your kindness. Thank you."

With that he turned and vanished into the night.

The following morning, I was awakened by a loud rapping on the front door. When I was able to find the cause of the noise, I discovered that a group of workmen, while clearing away the newly fallen snow, had found my acquaintance of the night before barely alive not far from my home. One of them had come to my home in order to telephone the police. He told me that the old man, upon their arrival, had been lying on the ground repeating incoherently these words: "... h-e-l-p . . . k-e-y . . . G-e-r-t-r-u-d-e . . . h-e-l-p . . ."

Then he died. His death was probably due either to starvation or to exposure.

The police searched his clothing in hope of finding some identification, but the only traces of what his life had been were found to be a broken paint brush of fine make, a torn snapshot of a young woman, and a skeleton key. No name—merely those three commonplace articles. Yet, why should a poor peddler carry around in his pockets a paint brush of fine texture? Surely, he had a reason. Those, long, sensitive hands—could they have been the hands of a painter? I wondered.

All that day the picture of the old man at my door selling wreaths ran through my mind. I could clearly visualize him as I had seen him the night before, tired, lonely, with no place to go except perhaps a cold, dark hovel somewhere; but what he had been in his youth, my mind's eye could picture but vaguely.

* * * * *

Towards dusk, while resting in an arm chair, I heard a soft, far-away voice repeating, "... h-e-l-p . . . k-e-y . . . G-e-r-t-r-u-d-e . . . h-e-l-p . . ."

It is a large sunny room filled with oils, canvases, and artists' tools; a young man, a very handsome young man, is standing before an easel busily at work on a piece of canvas. Just what he is painting I cannot see unless I go farther into the room. Now I see. On the canvas is a yet unfinished portrait of a young woman. It must be of the pretty model sitting on the platform over there in the extreme right corner. Her golden hair and her dainty features make a lovely picture, and the

lavender hue of her dress adds dignity to what otherwise would be childish sweetness.

How happy they both are! When he looks at her I can see that she means more to him than a mere model posing for her portrait. They make a handsome pair—he with his dark hair and his tall stature and she with her golden hair and tiny features.

It is odd that my presence has not disturbed them. I wonder if they would mind if I spoke to them?

"Hello, there."

No answer.

"Hello, there."

Still no answer.

How queer that they should pay no attention to my calls! The painter is still working on his canvas, and the model is calmly sitting on her platform; both acting as if I had not spoken!

I shall go up to them, and surely then they will stop their work for a few minutes. But as I approach, they are moving away. No, they both seem to fade away until, until, although unbelievable as it is I am standing in the center of the room alone!

The entire room is getting dark! I can see less and less. . . . Now all is nothingness: all is darkness! Surely I am not going blind! What a terrifying thought! I must not think of such a thing. The darkness will go away. . . . Yes! Now it is turning to mist; it has lifted! But the room is completely changed! This time it is small, and dark, and dingy. I see the same young man as before, but he is not smiling.

Indeed, he is sitting on an old iron bed with his face in his hands, a picture of sorrow and despair. The young girl is nowhere to be seen. The only indication in the room that he has known her is a small snapshot of her on his dresser.

I am discovering several things I had not noticed upon first glance. On an old yellow table are several stiff, broken brushes, a set of ancient oils, a tin cup, a tin plate, three pieces of cheap silverware, and a small wooden box with a lock and key. The lid of the box is open, revealing as its contents a lone piece of paper—a newspaper clipping.

The clipping is interesting because it contains a likeness of the young model; but, beneath the picture, I read a shocking headline:

"TRAGIC ACCIDENT

RESULTING IN DEATH OF

MISS GERTRUDE S———"

Beneath the headline there are the particulars of the accident; but many of the words are blurred, therefore it is hard to make them out.

"Miss S———, . . . fiancée of . . .
 . . . painter Mr. ——, was killed . . .
 automobile accident . . . yesterday . . .
 Miss S——— was driving . . .
 it collided with . . . coming car driven
 by . . . her fiancé. She was . . .
 barely alive at . . . wreck . . . after
 crash . . .

. . . was rushed to . . . Hospital, but

never regained consciousness. She died . . ."

How the other driver had survived is not revealed in the article, but evidently he was not badly hurt.

I can understand why the young painter is so sad. He is shabby and looks much older now than when I first saw him. It was a terrible tragedy. She meant so much to him that he lived for her and her alone; even his painting was secondary in his heart. Yes, it is very sad; they were young and the future had much in store for each; but now, instead of happiness, there is nothing.

The room is beginning to darken again, and since the painter is oblivious of my presence, I shall not disturb him, but shall quietly slip away.

* * * * *

It was a cold, bleak December evening. The day had been bitter and raw; but now that night was descending, the wind was rising and the mercury rapidly falling. While sitting in front of an open fireplace watching the lively flames dancing merrily, I heard a faint shuffling from outside, and then, a moment later, a hesitant knocking on the kitchen door.

I opened the door. From the darkness without, I heard a tired masculine voice ask, "Please, ma'am, I have some lovely Christmas wreaths. Won't you buy one? They are very inexpensive."

To Butterscotch

By

LOUISE COLBY

I have a little puppy
Who is reddish brown,
She is so soft and fluffy
She feels like swans-down.

Her little feet are fringed
With tiny, feathery curls
And her hair is natural wavy—
The envy of many girls.

She has a pretty face
With numerous expressions,
And walks with charming grace,
But her behavior lacks perfection.

Her favorite delight is eating,
And she always dares
To nestle down for sleeping
On the softest cushioned chairs.

Although she's very "mischivis"
And sometimes acts quite bad,
I can't be angry with the "Miss"—
She's the best friend I ever had.

The Murderous Assault

By

ESTHER CAIN

I RECALL very clearly the night I killed him. There were just the two of us in the room, I with a hatred of him that had grown from childhood and he with his one determined purpose that intensified my hatred like oil on a smouldering flame.

In a split second it came to me: "I must kill him. I would kill him. He whose desires were never quenched, whose paths were never stopped by boundaries, whose victims were pitifully helpless against his quick lightning attacks—he must die!" and I would kill him.

True, there were thousands just like him who would go on and on, never stopping in their plan of human torture, yet with the ending of this one life I should feel unexplicably happier, no more would he disrupt the quiet

even tempo of my life, no more would I feel the sharp bitter sting that had kept me so in fear of him, no more would his presence, unwelcome and uninvited, keep me from realizing the joy of peace.

Then I did it.

Time gave me the advantage and I caught him unawares. I put my whole force behind that attack; I would show him I could be as heartless, as ruthless, as brutal as he—and then suddenly it was over.

I felt a strange sense of relief, a growing exhilaration, a surging, burning, roaring, sense of freedom of security.

As for him, he was quite dead, he who a moment before had been a huge, unrelenting, blood-thirsty mosquito.

George Washington Returns

AN ORIGINAL RADIO SKIT

By

JUNE STOLL

C a s t

GEORGE WASHINGTON

JOAN

MARY

CORKY

A GROUP OF GIRLS

S o u n d s

A door opens and shuts.

A cow bell rings.

Girls' voices in general commotion,
chatter, chatter, chatter.

Dining hall sounds.

The scraping of chairs, then the scraping
of one chair.

The girls sing, "Happy Birthday,
George Washington."

Hands clapping applause.

Girls laughing and general commotion.

FIRST ANNOUNCER: This is February 22, 1940! A strange personage is seen walking up Cornell Street toward the gates of Mary Washington College. He looks furtively about as if he were trying to locate his bearings. His clothes seem to be uncomfortable to him. His stride is more like that of a man accustomed to riding horseback rather than one who moves along on foot in street clothes.

He wanders through the gates,

stopping to gaze in bewilderment at the name written on them. As he nears the top of the hill, one can see him to a better advantage. Why, this man looks like—but it couldn't possibly be he! But it is! What a strange visible paradox is this? It couldn't be that George Washington has returned to celebrate his one hundredth birthday anniversary. But here he is. He wanders up the steps of Mary Ball Hall. There are several girls seated inside.

(Door opens. . . . Girls' voices within. . . . Door closes.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Good morrow, young ladies, I wonder if you could tell me the whereabouts of Mary Ball? They told me I'd find her here.

CORKY: Well, this is she. What can we do for you?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I should like to find Mary Ball, Mary Ball Washington.

JOAN: Perhaps he means Miss Mary Washington. If that's what you mean, she lives in Frances Willard Hall, room 240, and her name's Frances Lawson.

MARY: Look, Corky, do you suppose he's all right?

CORKY: I am beginning to wonder.

JOAN: Perhaps it's us who are a little

"teched," but we'll try to clear the matter up. Kind Sir, this is Mary Ball all right, but I'm afraid you'll have to limit your choice to one girl.

CORKY: Yeah, 'cause dating more than one girl at a time just isn't done this season.

JOAN: Quiet, Corky!

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I don't exactly understand, I—I'm afraid I'm in the wrong place.

CORKY: Not at all, and you've got the right idea, too, but it just isn't practical.

JOAN: Incidentally, do you have a date card? That might simplify matters—

CORKY: As well as make it legal.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Date card?

MARY: Yeah—a bit of paper that acts as a passport into foreign lands.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Passport? I—I don't know what you mean. You see, I have been away a long time and I think things have changed.

CORKY: Well, I'll admit they're changing lots of things these days. From the Map of Europe to Thanksgiving, but date cards are something that will live down through the ages. You'll have to go over to Virginia and get one before you can see anyone.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Over—to Virginia? Oh, I seem to be mixed up. I thought I was in Virginia.

MARY: Sorry, this is Mary Ball.

CORKY: Maybe we ought to lead him over to Virginia.

MARY: Too bad we don't have a cou-

ple of trained dogs to take care of the blind.

JOAN: Ah, Mary, you know it wouldn't be allowed here.

CORKY: You know it.

MARY: Well, come on, Columbus, let's cross the ocean.

(Door opens . . . door shuts.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: All of these houses are new, aren't they? They are beautiful. I wish Fielding could see these.

CORKY *(sarcastically)*: Fielding Lewis?

JOAN: Corky, behave!

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Why, yes; do you know him?"

CORKY: Oh, yes. We have an aged acquaintanceship. He's a friend of yours, I suppose?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Oh, yes, a very good friend, indeed!

MARY: Isn't he killing, Joan?

JOAN: Has a wit all of his own, to be sure.

CORKY: There's Custis.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Custis? Over there in that group of young ladies?

MARY: No, over there in that clump of trees.

JOAN: Custis is the name of the building we just passed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: You have named it Custis? But why?

CORKY: In honor of Martha, I guess.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Oh, I must tell Martha. She will feel highly honored.

MARY: Yes, I'm sure she'd appreciate that.

CORKY: Yeah, give her our regards at the same time, will you?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Of course, and thank you.

CORKY: Oh, don't mention it.

MARY: Shux, twernt nothin'.

JOAN: This is Chandler Hall we're passing now.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Tell me, why are all the houses named?

MARY: To tax our memories, I suppose. It'd be so much easier just to say Number 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on.

CORKY: Yeah, but that would be too easy for the young alert minds of us college girls.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: College girls—are you college girls?

CORKY: Well, we're not co-eds.

JOAN: No, dog gone it!

MARY: I hope it doesn't seem out of place to tell you that this is Mary Washington College that you've been roaming about for the past few moments of your life.

CORKY: Yes, college—you know—a place where people like us go to learn. learn to go, and go home. Simple, isn't it?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Did you say Mary Washington?

MARY: I did. Ever heard of it? Sounds pretty, doesn't it? We're mighty proud of it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Why, I can't believe it. How kind that was of you to name it after her.

CORKY: Not at all. It was the Legislature that did it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Legislature?

CORKY: Yes, they have a habit of acting once in a while. Strange, isn't it?

JOAN: Corky, this is Virginia Hall we're walking around now. We're going in the other side.

(A cow bell rings for four seconds.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Why, that sounded like a cow bell.

CORKY: Not far wrong. It was the "chow" bell.

MARY: But it was a cow bell.

JOAN: You're so clever, really!

MARY: Oh, you won't be able to get a date card now. It's too late.

JOAN: Oh, oh, here come the girls to dinner. We'd better get past the entrance so we won't be trampled on.

(Girls' voices and general commotion.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: What were they all doing in that house?

CORKY: They live there, that is to say, they sleep there.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Look, young women are coming out of that house, too!

CORKY: House! That's Frances Williard Hall, and that isn't half. There are five more "houses" just like that one.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: And look! Some are coming up that hill! Where are they coming from?

JOAN: They've just come from Betty Lewis.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: All of them? What have they been to see her for?

MARY: Here you go again!

CORKY: Oh, she's such a charming person. . . . You know, that old Southern hospitality!

MARY: I see you've never lived in Betty Lewis, Corky.

JOAN: Well, we have to go to dinner. Would you like to join us?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: It would be an honor and a privilege.

CORKY: We're off to Seacobeck!

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Seacobeck! (*Alarmed.*) Is it safe?

CORKY: I often wonder!

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I think it is better to turn back. They are treacherous Indians.

CORKY: You ain't lyin', Shorty!

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Is that where all the rest of the young women have gone?

MARY: Why, yes. One must eat to live, you know.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: But you don't seem to realize the danger.

CORKY: Take it "easy, greasy," don't get excited.

JOAN: Gosh! I'll bet we're going to be late. Everyone seems to have gone in already.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: This bridge we are going over is a magnificent piece of architecture.

MARY: Well, don't stop to look at it now.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: It has become quite dark all of a sudden, hasn't it?

MARY: Yes, it usually does at night, you know.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Look at the bright light shining out of the windows of that house. Why, it looks like it might have fires in it.

CORKY: There are fires in it—on the ends of candles.

JOAN: I hope these steps don't "get you down."

GEORGE WASHINGTON: These are nice solid steps.

CORKY: Yeah! Just the kind you don't like to fall on.

JOAN: Here come some girls from Westmoreland. Wonder why they're so late.

(*Girls' voices fade in chatter.*)

MARY: You all wouldn't think of being late, would you?

FIRST GIRL: You are kinda late yourselves, wouldn't you think so?

CORKY: Just offhand, I would say, yes.

SECOND GIRL: The bells aren't ringing in Westmoreland and the time slipped up on us.

(*Girls' voices chatter again.*)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Did you say they were from Westmoreland?

JOAN: Yes.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: They have come a long way, then.

CORKY: They're used to it.

MARY: Yeah, they're old timers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: But how did they get here?

CORKY: Two-legged express, no doubt.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: What?

MARY: Don't let it worry you.

JOAN: Here's the door.

(Door opens.)

CORKY: We are now entering Seacobeck Hall.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Seacobeck Hall?

(Door shuts; dining room sounds.)

CORKY: Yes, our dining hall as you'll notice!

GEORGE WASHINGTON: It's like a palace!

JOAN: Well, let's go in.

CORKY: Hang on, Napoleon, here we go.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Am I to go with you among all of these young ladies?

MARY: Why not? It should be a pleasure.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Oh, it is, but . . . I—

CORKY: Brace up. They won't bite. Most of them are quite harmless, in fact.

JOAN: Come on. My table's right here.

MARY: Yep, right at the front. Convenient and all that.

CORKY: Gentleman, be seated.

(Scraping of chairs; dining hall sounds continue.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I do not remember ever seeing so many woung women before. Where are they from?

MARY: From every state in the United States, Cuba, and Puerto Rico.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: How unusual. Did you say U-nited . . . States?

(Girls start singing "Happy Birthday, George Washington.")

MARY: Yep, the United States. That's no exaggeration, either. Oh! Oh! Here we go again.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: What are they singing?

JOAN: Someone's had a birthday. They're singing to her.

(Girls sing "Happy Birthday to You, George Washington.")

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Why, they said George Washington, didn't they? How did they know?

CORKY: You'd be surprised at some of the things these college girls know.

(Sound of clapping.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I know, but this is incredible.

JOAN: Don't be so hard on them. They like to have their little joke, you know.

(Girls sing "Stand Up, George Washington.")

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Are they singing "stand up"?

MARY: Yeah, another little joke.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Do you think I should?

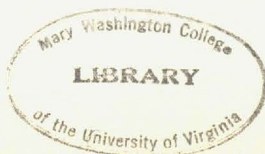
CORKY: You! Er—not now—wait a while.

JOAN: If the spirit moves you I'm sure Georgie wouldn't mind. Proceed.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: I must do the gentlemanly thing. I suppose I should stand.

(Scraping of chair; girls laugh and clap; uproar for several seconds.)

CORKY: Well, caress me with an ice-pick!



MARY: Can you beat that? Joan, do you see him?

JOAN: Isn't he the "Jonah," though?
(*Chair scraping again.*)

CORKY: Well, Napoleon, er—Georgie, how do you feel after your shower of limelight?

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Why did they sing to me?

MARY: To you?

CORKY: Maybe they liked your looks, Georgie.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: That was kind of them, but—

MARY: Think nothing of it. We do it to the worst of them.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: But I don't see how they knew who I am. How did you know?

MARY: Maybe the poor man really thinks he's George Washington.

CORKY: Suffering from amnesia, no doubt.

JOAN: What is your name? It's funny we didn't think to ask you before.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Why, George Washington.

CORKY: Yeah, we know; but your real name.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: But that is my real name.

MARY: You mean, George Washington is your real name.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Yes, yes, it is.

CORKY: Let's look around, girls. Napoleon or Columbus may be sitting at the next table.

JOAN: You're killing me.

MARY: I hate to mention it, but we have convocation tonight, so we'd better hurry.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Convocation? What is that?

CORKY: It's a rest period we have every Wednesday night.

MARY: We'd ask you to come along, but the statue of yourself in the foyer might frighten you.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Statue?

JOAN: Yeah, but don't get upset. It'll stay until we get there.

CORKY: Huh, I guess it will. The old boy didn't look like he was on walking terms the last time I saw him.

MARY: Well, here's to George Washington, girls. Let's dig in.

(*Voices . . . music . . . girls chattering.*)

FIRST GIRL: Are you going into the auditorium yet?

SECOND GIRL: No, let's sit out here in the foyer a while 'til some more people get here.

FIRST GIRL: Say, did you see that man stand up tonight when we sang to George Washington?

SECOND GIRL: Yes, wasn't that a scream!

FIRST GIRL: I don't see how he had the nerve, do you?

SECOND GIRL: Gosh! No!

FIRST GIRL: Look, isn't that he coming in now?

SECOND GIRL: Why, yes, I think it is.

FIRST GIRL: He's still with the same girls.

SECOND GIRL: I wonder how they feel?

FIRST GIRL: I don't know. They're going over to the statue of Washington. Let's go over closer.

(*Voices.*)

CORKY: Well, there it is right before you, as big as you are.

JOAN (*whispering*): Corky, Mary, look at him. Do you see the way he's looking at that statue?

CORKY: It's the way the statue's looking at him that gets me.

MARY: L—look at the statue and then look at him. That nose! That chin!

CORKY: What are you talking about?

JOAN: Mary's right. Look! (*Terrified.*)

CORKY: Let go my arm, Joan. I think you've both lost your minds.

MARY: But look at him! He's acting so peculiar.

JOAN: He's going over beside the statue.

MARY: He's standing right beside it a—and posing just like the statue.

JOAN: They look so much alike. I can hardly believe it.

CORKY: Why—you're right. All he needs is a wig and some fancy dress.

MARY: He is George Washington!

CORKY: It can't be—but—it is.

MARY: He's going into the statue! He's fading right into it. Look!

JOAN: Mary, for heaven's sake! What's the matter with you? Wake up! You'll just have time to get dressed for dinner. We'll have a good one, too, 'cause it's George Washington's birthday.

MARY: George Washington: Where is he? He went right into that statue? Didn't you see him?

CORKY: Listen, old dear! Wake up! That isn't a statue, that's a picture of him you put there yourself because you said that you had to write a play on him, and that you wanted an inspiration. Don't you remember?

MARY: Oh! I must have fallen asleep, but my dream! You should have been there. It was so peculiar.

CORKY: A dream!

MARY: Yeah, but you'd never believe it.



Power

By

ELSIE T. STONE

A massive oak stands out alone
 Against the grey of winter's sky,
 As if it the country owns,
 And waves its greetings to passers-by.

Leap Year

By

AMINEE JONES

Has no one mentioned that you might
Need someone when you're home at night?
Someone to sew your buttons on
To gather up from here and yon
The things you "simply know" are there,
And yet you can't remember where?

And how about delicious foods
To keep you in the best of moods?
Someone to cling to when you're blue,
To tolerate the things you do,
You'll never need a fourth dimension
To note my altar-bound intention.



Heaven's Gift

By

AMINEE JONES

He's just a little devil
Mighty like his dad,
He can be so good at times,
But often he is bad.
It doesn't matter very much,
It's all within a day,
To punish him, and love him,
And let him have his way.

For when he closes his brown eyes
And drifts away to sleep,
I tuck him in and carefully
Await my chance to creep
Back again to kiss him,
And marvel at the joy
This gift heaven has brought me—
My saucy little boy.

Last Night

By

COLLEEN NEEL

Last night I felt the wind
as it blew into my face.
Last night I saw the clouds
move across the sky in haste,
Last night I heard a whisper
so calm, and low, and sweet,
It relieved me of my burdens
and threw them at my feet.
Last night I was in paradise
away from worldly sin.
Last night I saw the works of God
outshine the works of men.



Inconstancy

By

RUSTY GREENHILL

Stars, whose celestial fire seems
to inspire love's thoughts and poet's dreams,
at break of dawn are gone.

Moon, whose soft and mellow light
guides romance and adventure through the night,
is forgotten at light of morn.

Sun, whose rays are soft and warm,
is oft' o'ershadowed by sleet and storm,
or lies behind a cloud.

So my love, like stars at dawn, is lost,
but when the sun from night's thralldom doth part,
love fills again my fickle heart.

Pray For My Soul

By

NANCY CLAIRE WATKINS

AS I sit here writing by the sputtering light of my candle, in a house haunted by spirits, so men say, the rain beats out a Wagnerian overture of horror, of blazing raging sound. It thunders once in a while like the sound of a giant clapping his hands in wild applause rabidly and fiercely. The lightning dances grotesquely across the wall at intervals; I can almost fancy a troupe of lured ballad dancers across the stage to the accompaniment of the wild music of the storm.

I am writing my confession. No human being will ever read it; but my crime has lived with me day and night for so long that it has seared into my soul. Perhaps, it will do me good to write an admittance of it.

I have committed the perfect crime. I say perfect because I shall never be dragged up before a stern, black-robed judge to account for my deed. I shall never be tried for murder and sentenced to die, for I am already dead and was dead when I committed the murder. You laugh at me! Ah, but you shall understand too well when I shall have finished my narrative. No, I cannot be sentenced to death, but I shall be tried in a higher court—that of God himself.

I was, during my lifetime on earth, a minister of the Gospel—a good, honest, sincere man outwardly, and I might say without conceit, a man deeply loved

by his flock. Underneath the mask I wore, however, I was hard, cynical, passionate, and worldly. Perhaps it was my other self that married Camille. Camille came to me as an outcast. She was an aristocrat, I suppose (though I do not know, for she never told me of her life before she met me), who had been disowned by her family. I married her because I loved her as few men ever loved before. About our married life I shall tell you nothing. It is torture for me to think of it now.

Camille was beautiful. She possessed a beauty almost supernatural in its power. She had the blackest eyes, in which I fancied at times I could see the very flames of Hell dancing, her curling black locks, which, when she flew into one of her mad rages, tossed like the ocean during a winter storm, her dead-white skin was perfection itself and seemed like lovely milk-white glass. I loved her, and, though she drove me at times to the brink of madness, there were moments of exquisite happiness which I will never forget. That is why I swore on my death bed I would never let Camille marry another man.

Death is a horrible thing to the living, but to those who die it is almost indescribable. A suffocating, bodiless presence, creeping upon one and enfolding him in its smothering embrace. Enough of this! You will have the

same experience; I do not envy you. It is enough to say that after death one has the power to come back in spirit and, if the will of the dead one be strong enough, to influence the living.

When I found that Camille had married a former friend of mine, a prominent lawyer in the town in which I once resided, I became mad with rage. I decided to murder my former wife. She had not feared me in life; she should fear me in death!

The first time I appeared to her, she screamed with terror and told her husband that a ghost had attacked her. He laughed and told her that I was not there. I stayed with her constantly. I sat between her and her husband at the

table; I leered at her over her husband's shoulder at the balls; I drove with her in her carriage, and slept with her at night, always the grim specter, shouldering himself between her and the present.

She went insane at times and screamed at me. How well I remember those rages from out the past! I laughed as I watched her sicken, her eyes lose their luster, and the flames within them flicker and die. Her hair turned a sickening, dull white, and her form, which was once so beautiful, become a shrunken, shapeless thing, an empty shell from which the vivid essence of life had fled, leaving only its shadow behind. They say she died from insanity; I know better, for she was murdered by me from beyond the grave.



Evening Prayer

By

HELEN WARREN

I have enough . . . dear Lord, forgive
 If I have thought I needed more;
 Today I saw necessity
 And human want ne'er seen before;
 I saw a man look hungrily
 About the streets in hope of bread;
 I heard a child's faint weary voice
 Ask for a place to lay its head;
 What I have asked please do not heed;
 I have enough . . . attend their need.

Pals

By

RUTH VANDERHOOF

BOOTs! BOOTS! Black boots, red boots, white boots, brown boots—on rainy days they just seem to pop up all over the Mary Washington campus.

Up the steps of Monroe they clamber, slosh into classes, drip for forty minutes while their owners puzzle over queries revolving in other minds like whirligigs; and then at the sudden clatter of a bell those same boots quickly snap into life. No longer do they stand idle, they're actually dodging in and out among other boots, leaping down steps, running along the walk to Chandler, around the corner they slide to—yes, you've guessed it—the post office, the usual nine-twenty destination.

Here they meet all the other boots on the campus—to trample and to be trampled upon. More squeaks, groans,

and thuds! And then, they make their way back to class with a slow, thoughtful tread; a rapid peppy stride, or an angry stamp—depending upon whether or not their wearer received that all-important letter from *the one!*

All through the wet, sloppy day these faithful boots trudge their weary way up stairs and down, over slippery, moss-covered walks, up hill, down hill, through the viaduct puddles, and finally back to the dorms.

Never do these rubber pals complain (though they do squeak once in a while), but on they carry the Mary Washington girls—dry and “slap-happy.” What is the boots' reward? The privilege—the happy, sweet privilege—of remaining in complete repose on all but rainy days. Ah, such a sweet, sweet privilege!



Hope

By

COLLEEN NEEL

The night was dark and dreary
and rain fell all around.
The hour was long and weary
and fog lay on the ground.
There was a sorrow, so deep, so sad,
that the heart could stand no more!
But sometime, somehow, somewhere
hope began to soar.

Symphony's Coloratura

By

KATHARINE F. NUTT

WHETHER it be in the realm of literature, art, or music, everyone admires one star who seems always to be shining more brilliantly, more valiantly than do others. The one whom you regard as greatest, I consider only great. My preference may be only secondary among your choices. I, too, have my favorites among favorites, but mine, despite the fact that it falls within music's realm, is not a real personality. At least it would not be such to you, though in my estimation, it possesses all the capacities for human expression except the disagreeable. And what is my favorite?

There is in the symphony orchestra one instrument which to me seems to surpass all the others in its glory. It is a wood-wind instrument, which may be used to breath out the varying emotions of sky-riding, ecstasy, plaintive, melancholy, or just pervading peace such as one finds in simple pastoral scenes. It is an instrument of perfect clarity, and asserts itself in delight or sadness, much as the woman of quality expresses her thoughts and emotions in a voice of light feminine loveliness. All the passion of the flute's tiny shaft may be resplendently blended into one brief melody, or this instrument may converse gently and contribute only to the total effect.

Yes, it is the flute of which I am speaking, for I consider it to be an in-

strument unparalleled in beauty and perfection.

There are many ways in which the flute's perfection might be demonstrated; but I prefer to liken the flute and its accompanying members of the orchestra to the individual in his relation to other members of society. In this respect, the flute becomes an individual in his relation to other members of society. In this respect, the flute becomes an individual of the highest order. Just as one person may coöperate with his neighbors in executing a plan or a project, just so the flute may combine with the many symphony instruments in producing a complete musical entity of sublimity, grandeur, or pathos. Then, too, the flute may work, as may the individual work, with a colleague in a duet. Also, the versatile wood-wind may form the beautiful accompaniment on which the human voice may lift itself in songs of exquisite charm. The flute is perhaps at the peak of its faculties when it is in combination with another instrument such as in a concerto for flute and violin with the orchestra supplying the background.

Occasionally, too, the flute asserts its own rights as an individual and takes the lead in a passage or throughout a whole composition. In society individuals become leaders by virtue of their aptitudes and of their understanding

adaptabilities. So the flute leads because of its superiority.

One can, however, do more than describe the flute as a member of society. We can even designate its place in that society. The flute is the coloratura, the Lily Pons, of the symphony orchestra. They, the coloratura and the flute, have in common the enviable ability to lift themselves into the highest realms of song. Either can render musical notes quite above the thinking ability of the ordinary listener, consequently listeners find in their music blithe, ethereal melodies, perfect in their heavenly harmonies. Yet the coloratura and the flute can singly or in combination render for us the most plaintive, lovely song such as would have made John Dryden say:

"The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers."

Quite in contrast is Milton's characterization in *Lycidas*, which speaks thus:

"Meanwhile the rural ditties were
real mute,
Tempered to the paten flute";

Actually one of the most exquisite compositions for flute and coloratura is that rendered to Shakespeare's immortal poem, *Hark, Hark the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings*. In Donizelli's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with its unsurpassable music of the "Mad Scene," is portrayed the ability of flute and coloratura to characterize still another phase of human life.

Indeed, the flute is the orchestra's coloratura by virtue of its being a virtuoso able to sing in pathos or glory. It is, however, the pervading, lingering quality of the flute that makes it most enjoyable. Its song never dies.



Symbol

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

Behold! The sun!
A great massive ball of fire
Holding on high the symbol
Of Youth's intense desire!

Ever shining — ever challenging
This light of wisdom burns,
And Youth, undaunted, struggles forward
And, inevitable as fate, to this symbol turns.

The Wind

By

ELSIE T. STONE

The wind blows cold
On hill and dale;
It whistles bold
And sends out its wail.

It stirs the trees
In every branch.
Its breath does seize
And make leaves dance.

But all in all
It's beauty true.
'Tis winter's call.
It beckons you!

"All's Well That Ends Well"

By

EMMA JESTER

AT last the long-awaited day arrived; it was May fifteenth, and what a glorious day! All the world was tinted with accordant hues as the sun beamed down upon it; and upon each flower, bird, tree, animal, and person, it created a celestial atmosphere. Why today was so important and different from other days was entirely my own feeling, but tonight was to be eventful and exciting—I was to attend my first formal.

How thrilled and overjoyed I was, as I hastily dressed, ate my breakfast, and rushed to school, anxiously awaiting the arrival of my "date." To my great astonishment, Bill W——, my one and only "heart throb," was not to be seen on the campus the entire day.

Everything seemed terrible now; in my opinion the world had suddenly grown dark and sullen and there was no sunshine. My happiness now turned to complete disappointment and discouragement. I wondered and wondered what could possibly be wrong with Bill, finally concluding that he must be seriously ill.

All day I could picture Bill lying in a hospital bed with nurses in white uniforms walking to and fro, doctors performing miraculous operations, colored and white interns sterilizing the needed instruments, with everything very quiet and solemn, people tipping along the

narrow corridors with grave faces and looks of suspense and anxiety and poor Bill suffering miserably with the most dreadful disease imaginable or possibly awaiting a serious operation.

As I stumbled to and from classes, this vision haunted me. In my classes I took not a note, and when asked a question by any of my teachers, I just stared blankly. Finally, the three-thirty bell rang and classes were over for the day, which had seemed like weeks instead of one day. I trudged wearily along G—— Street in the direction of my home without noticing any of the traffic, either vehicle riders or pedestrians.

Suddenly a horn sounded loudly. This seemed to arouse me from what must have been a trance, and someone yelled, "Get in and I'll take you home."

Immediately I gazed up to see who this person was. What a relief and surprise when I discovered it was really Bill! Just think I'd be able to attend the formal which we both had anticipated so long. How happy I was!

As I gladly climbed in, I noticed Bill was driving a new Buick. What a swell car it was, too! But at that moment I was so glad to see him that it would not have mattered in the least if he'd been driving an old nineteen hundred ten Model-T Ford. He explained that his not being at school was

due to the fact that he had gone car-hunting with his father.

Upon reaching the gate I tripped merrily up the walk, bidding Bill good-bye, as he remarked, "See you at seven in my bib and tucker, dear."

Too happy and thrilled to reply other than giving a nod with my head, I rushed into the house. I soon began making preparations for the big event—the formal.

Taking a shower and both manicuring my nails and doing other odds and ends, then finally getting dressed in my lovely new white net evening gown with red velvet trimmings kept me bus-

ily employed. In the midst of all this, the door bell began buzzing and buzzing. Wondering who it could be and overanxious to relieve the suspense, I tipped to the top of the stairs as Mother answered the door.

What a pleasant surprise when a voice announced, "Flowers for Miss J——!"

Then followed Mother's jubilant voice, "And they're red roses, too!"

Forgetting all the worries, I relaxed and thought of how perfect a day today had been for a formal, and of what happiness I should have attending that much-hoped-for event.



The Brighter Side

By

VIRGINIA URBIN

Across the sands of worry,
Beyond the wastes of doubt,
A lamp burns in the desert
Which never will go out.

It guides us o'er our troubles.
It leads us to our quest.
The lamp glows to remind us
All works out for the best.

The Saddest Day of My Life

By

MARY ALICE AZIZ

ABOUT a block away from the house in which I live stands a little, inconspicuous red brick store. Displayed in its two small front windows in wild disarray are all sorts of cheap trinkets: tops, valentines, kites, pencils, pads, paper fans, toy guns, celluloid dolls, etc. — trifles dear to the heart of every child.

Within the store, to your right, one finds two large counters with sliding glass doors. These are filled with all sorts of penny candies: gumdrops, licorice, candy cigarettes, chocolate-covered cocoanut balls, sugared dates, and many other kinds of sweets.

One can easily see why this store is so popular with the children of the neighborhood. It is a common and amusing sight to see the children with their pennies clutched tightly in moist palms, running breathlessly toward this store. It is even more amusing to watch them as they flatten their noses against the outside windows and gaze with quickened breath at the gaudy assortment within.

It hasn't been long since I, too, was a patron of this store. I still remember vividly the first time I entered it. My family having just recently moved into that neighborhood, I was out on an investigating tour when I became attracted by its flashily dressed window. In no time at all I was inside the store. Spellbound with admiration, I pointed

a childish finger toward a box of "tootsie rolls," and said in a soft voice to the small old man, the proprietor of the place, "I want that—two of them." In my hand I held a shiny nickle. My share in the silverpiece was only two cents. The rest belonged to my brother Phil.

Never will I forget how frightened I was when this small old man asked, "What?" I was stunned by the tone of his voice. It was the gruffest I had ever heard. Later I learned that he was hard of hearing and suffered from asthma. When I finally made him understand what I wanted and had completed my purchase, I discovered that he had given too much change—exactly one penny. Without the slightest hesitation (due to my parochial school training, no doubt) I reentered the store to return the extra coin to him. This one act marked the beginning of a long friendship. He gazed unbelievably for one moment at the copper piece in my outstretched palm. Then he patted me on the back, and in that same coarse voice said, "My gur'l, my gur-l." He was a Polish immigrant.

From that day I became a privileged character in his store. I, and only I, had the distinction of waiting upon myself, that is, I could actually open the glass counter, reach in, and pick out the candy I desired. Indeed, many were

the envious glances given me by the less fortunate neighborhood children.

I grew to love this queer old man. His rough voice no longer frightened me. I even learned to speak in a tone that he could hear the first time.

Years passed. I was sixteen when one of the saddest days of my life arrived. For about a week I had noticed that the old man was in a very poor state of health. His voice was weak and he would go into long, severe fits of coughing. Then one afternoon while on my way from school, I noticed a white piece of paper posted on the door of the store. Upon further investigation, I saw that it contained a paragraph stating that the store would be closed for a few days because of the illness of the proprietor.

The week following this incident, as I was thumbing through the pages of our local paper, I found myself gazing

upon the picture of the old man. A chill ran up and down my spine. Instinctively, I knew what had happened. Death had claimed my old friend.

Flinging down the paper, I raced out of the house and made for the little store. The same white message was on the door. The same yellow and green kites were at the window. The familiar sight, so strangely silent, was too much for me. Hot tears began to fill my eyes, blinding me as I walked home. When, alone in my room, I gave way to bitter sobs. I couldn't bear to think of the little store devoid of the old man's presence. To make matters worse, I began reminiscing. I recalled the first day I had entered the store, the day the old man patted me on the back and said, "My gur-l, my gur-l." My eyes still wet with burning tears, I fell into a fitful sleep.

That day marked my first acquaintance with that spectre called Death.



Enough

By

PEGGY MORAN

A little girl in red!
A tiny candy store!
A penny!
And what more?

The Cynic At Sixteen

By

EVA CATAFYGIOTU

JUST as twenty-two hundred years ago Diogenes the cynic walked the streets of Athens, four years ago a young cynic walked the streets of Fredericksburg. (She still walks the streets of this town, but she is no longer a cynic. She has grown up.) It was August and our young friend had just reached the age of sixteen. It used to be that at sixteen one was being introduced to the world. But not so in this case.

Our weary-of-the-world friend had tried all and was not at all satisfied. She had known success. Everlasting fame was hers by virtue of an "A" on her term paper, a *chef-d'oeuvre* of nine hundred words on the "Poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay". Even getting on the "Honor Roll" was becoming boring. What good were A's and B's on one's monthly report card?

Even the glitter of romance was found to be temporary. For one week a certain red-haired boy had carried her books home for her. He had taken her to a "movie" and had been very attentive. The next week, however, he was paying the same attention to that stupid girl who couldn't tell the difference between the sun and the moon.

Education was not worth all the hours spent in school. She was now a junior and had read three plays by Shakespeare: *Julius Caesar*, *As You Like It*, and *The Tempest*. After she

had studied each play, she had passed the test and that was over. After struggling for three years with Latin verbs, Caesar and Cicero, she remembered nothing except such useless things as "O tempora, o mores!" Likewise algebra and geometry had been learned for a short time and forgotten forever.

All the sentimental nonsense about man's elevated nature seemed to be merely wishful thinking. All around her were evidences of man's cruel and vicious character. Even in children this brutal streak could be discerned. They are adept in singeing others with branding irons that hurt. Neither time nor civilization has been able to erase this from man's nature. And the young cynic saw men deliberately crushing those who were weak. Strong countries attacked the weak. The rich fed upon the poor; the mighty upon the helpless. The happiness and dignity of the individual were no longer important. Self-interest was the only thing that counted. How true is the saying, "As streams are lost in the ocean, so man's virtues are lost in self-interest."

So decided our friend that in view of man's frailties the only philosophy a sensible person could have would be one of cynicism and pessimism. The world was no good; man was no good; therefore one should always expect the worse to happen. Always expecting the worse to happen would protect one

from disappointment. Then we could always have the satisfaction of thinking and saying, "I told you so." A grim sort of delight fills the person who can say, "I thought it would happen like this; I told you so." Then if things turned out well, one's surprise and joy would be greater because he didn't expect it. According to this philosophy, the tender feelings of the individual could not be hurt.

Sixteen years of existence on this planet had made of her a pessimistic

skeptic who doubted and suspected everything. She sneered at the world and its inhabitants. Perhaps she had some justification for her attitude. People seem to have learned nothing. They make the same mistakes over and over again. They live in a world of make-believe and refuse to face life, to wrestle with it. Perhaps if they tried hard enough, they could make this a better, more humane world. They might even some day spare adolescents the painful period of cynicism. Who knows?



Shall I?

By

DOROTHY TUCK

As I sit and sit and sit
And try to find the words to fit
Into this silly little rhyme
To make it sweet and more sublime

I find my mind a total blank,
My hair I soon begin to yank,
I worry till I'm in a stew,
I think I'd better stop. Don't you?

To . . .

By

LILYAN M. NELSON

Time offers no peace. You have gone
And spring (you loved it so)
Will come and soon will go,
And yet another spring, another dawn,
With twelve long months of remembering.
How you loved all flowers,
And named them before they came,
And knew best the love of everything —
Foolish dreaming — idle hours —
Autumn leaves and summer rain.

On and on the wheel of Time will spin
And a little each day I remember him.



Dreaming

By

HELEN WARREN

Tonight I'm dreaming of the past . . .
Of someone dear to me;
Of happy times we spent together,
But now they're gone . . . you see.

Tonight I'm dreaming of the present. . . .
Of things I did today;
I'm wondering . . . were they right or wrong
Or were they just fool's play?

Tonight I'm dreaming of the future . . .
Of years to come still yet;
I'm hoping he'll come back to me
Before my sun is set.

Dedication

AMONG the numerous words of encouragement given by the faculty members to the EPAULET staff before the magazine was launched, there are probably none more fraught with significance or fruitful suggestions than those of the late beloved DR. WALTER J. YOUNG. Once when asked what he thought of the proposed magazine he said:

“Such a quarterly will stimulate production of all forms of literature and will form a permanent record of your youthful indiscretions which will rise up in after years to plague you.”

Because of his unsevered interest in this, the first literary magazine of Mary Washington College, we humbly and reverently dedicate these two pages to his memory.

In Memoriam

By

RUTH VANDERHOOF

It is just as though he went away with us for the holidays and decided not to return. He quietly went away — slipping out the door so as not to disturb the course of our daily life. I can just picture him turning his head and saying, "Don't worry about me. I'm going away on a sort of vacation, and the next time you see me I'll be rested and well."

Those of the student body who knew him best, loved and respected him. To them he will always seem to be about the College campus. Can't you just see him, limping slightly, on his way to class, or perhaps telling his students, in no uncertain terms, just what he expected of them? No, he will not be forgotten.

His pupils will long remember the wise words of counsel he gave. His remarks were often blunt and satirical, but his words were never minced. He spoke what he knew to be the truth. Because of this characteristic trait, the ideals he strove to impress upon us are firmly entrenched in our minds. This is the sign of a teacher who has succeeded — *a truly great teacher*.

We are grieved to have had to say good-bye to him, our friend; but we look forward to seeing him afar in that life which will never end.

No Other Spring

By

KATHRYN MIDDLETON

A sullen sky is murky, grey;
Its dank, cold depths unplumbed.
A lukewarm sun shines dimly through.
All life is deadened, numbed.

And so my heart — no warm blood there,
No flaming fierce desire —
Just a slow, slow beat; a dull, tired ache;
And the ashes of a fire.

A dead heart, mine — no wild, wild pain.
It scarcely feels a thing.
No joy, no sorrow, no vagrant hope,
Can make it cry — or sing.

I go my way. My tears are dammed,
And frozen hard and deep.
At peace my soul, and calm my eyes,
And dreamless is my sleep.

Spring shall not come; nor verdant sheen
Creep over plain and hill;
Nor soft rain fall; nor skies grow blue;
Nor birds their love-calls trill.

It cannot be — my heart would melt.
Hot blood, long checked, would scar —
And pain, exquisite as a stab,
Would rent my armored gear.

As God is good, I make my plea —
A hopeless, craven thing —
"Keep winter here — my heart and I
Can bear no other spring."

